

A/c F.W. Loops  
W+B Flying School, A1-F  
Chickasha, Okla.



Mr. & Mrs. Charles E. Loops  
1414 Montague St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C.

*Air Mail*

Tuesday morning  
June 16, 1942

Hello Gang,

Will you excuse pencil again? Here I am up on the flight line again and my pen is back at the barrack. I've been studying and I'm all tight and keyed up from it, so maybe this letter will help relax me again. - Everything moves at such a pace around here you sometimes get in a high pitch doing nothing for a few moments. That's an awful bad way to be isn't it.

I've been studying some on theory & design of planes, as well as construction. Believe me, those boys who do the designing of these planes are the smart ones! - They are real geniuses (or however you spell it!). You have a plane all figured out for one condition of flight, change that condition even so slightly and you have an entirely different set of forces to deal with. How they ever get one of the darn things to fly - - - - -

Wednesday afternoon

A lot of water over the dam since I wrote the above. My instructor got back from a ride with another student and took me. My period was to have been earlier but bad weather knocked me out. - So what do you think happen? - Well, it came. - He took off, went to an auxiliary field (Larger than Congressional) and practiced landings & take-



offs for awhile. - There was a mean cross wind,  
so they were a little tricky. - On one of our times  
around to the take off point he suddenly stopped  
the plane, stood up and said, "all right, - it's all  
yours, - go ahead and break your damn neck! - I'm  
getting out!" - So ---- I soloed!!! - The second  
one in my class to do so. - The first fellow soloed  
while I was waiting my turn, - so that's not so  
bad, is it? - I made 3 landings + take offs. - Today I  
did some more - tomorrow some more, and then  
I will be eligible to take a plane out from the home  
airport by myself! - It's the way they work at here  
you must solo 3 days <sup>in a row</sup> before you can get a solo  
clearance. - Last night I paid for it - I'm no longer  
a "doco" (tho still an under classman) so all the other  
dockies in my barrack proceeded to give me a cold  
shower - clothes + all - using a garden hose + buckets  
of ice water to help things along! - Aghew! - I'm  
glad that's over! - It's the ritual here, so now, as each  
one of the others solo, - I'll get my turn about! - My  
revenge! -

Got lots of studying to do. - Two exams tomorrow  
so will have to stop. - Almost time for P.T. anyhow.  
I started to call last night but couldn't get to the  
phone. - Maybe I will another time! -

Say Brother Melba, - are ya having fun in  
the big city? - Wish I could join you for more  
reasons than one! - My "po ol head" is getting  
tired of having "larnin'" thrown at it. - Wish I  
were ignorant at times. - It'd be lots easier just  
going along with the tide.

Oh, well, - bye now.

Love  
Frank